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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

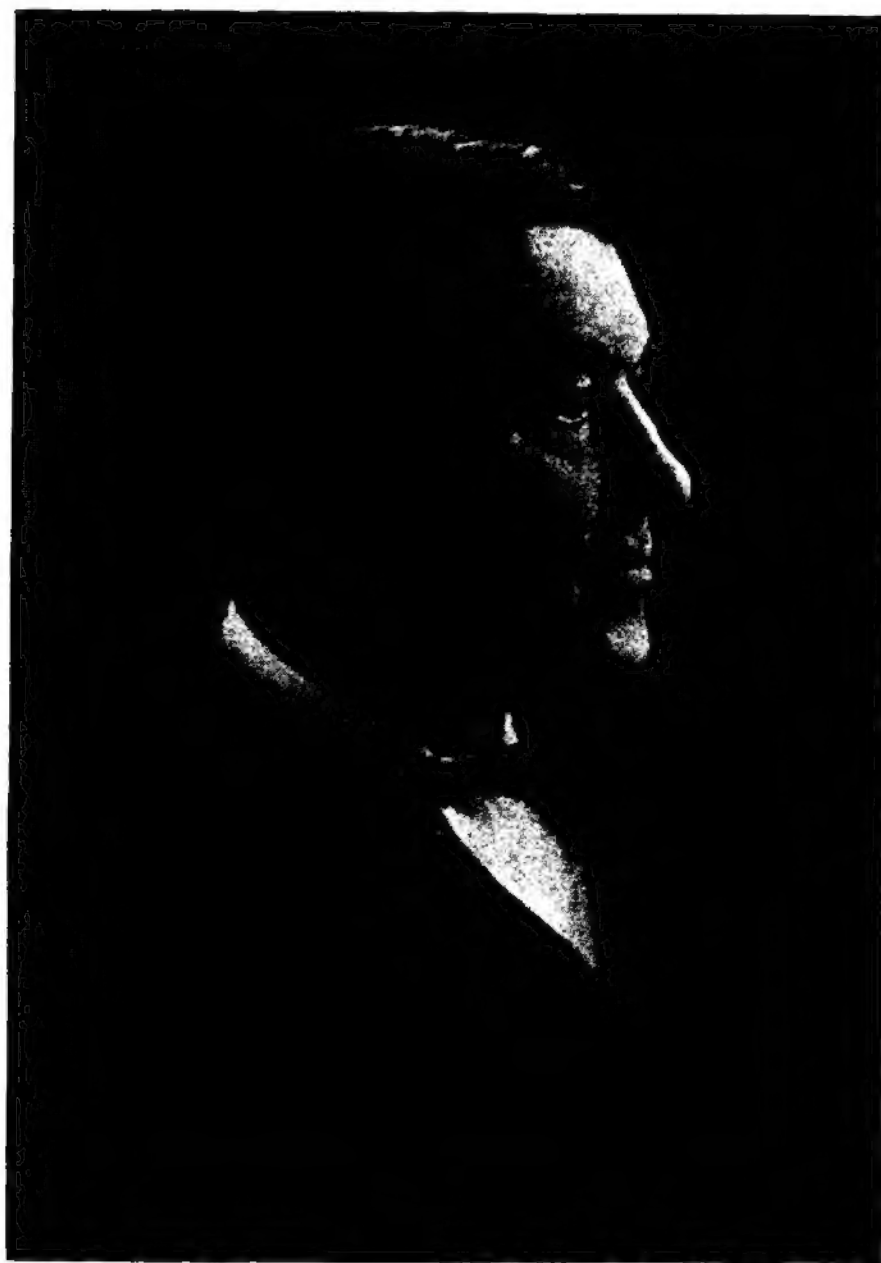
A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 20th OCTOBER, 1888.

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THE HON. SIR CHARLES TUPPER, C.B., G.C.M.G.,
HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR CANADA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

From a photograph by Notman.

The Dominion Illustrated.

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GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,
127 Wellington Street West, Toronto.

20th OCTOBER, 1888.



Inquiry has been made about Black Cod, spoken of lately in the despatches from the fisheries of Prince Edward Island. The fish has some points of likeness to the cod, but does not belong to the same family, and is said to be more akin to the ling, having only two dorsal fins and being slenderer than the cod. The ling is a plentiful article of food in Scotland and Ireland.

The two-cent letter rate having paid for itself in the United States, after only a few years of use, it is time that the same lowering should be adopted in Canada, and, if our information is right, the authorities, under the new Postmaster-General, Mr. Haggart, have as good as settled the introduction of this reform. The experience of the Americans would be repeated here—an immediate and large increase in letter-writing.

A more special postal legislation is urged in certain quarters, the book trade demanding the rate of one cent a pound on books bound in paper and on periodicals, and sent over by mail into Canada from England or the United States. It is claimed that the Government would save money by this, and that the discrimination in favour of English and American publishers would be estopped.

General Wolseley's list of transcendent military geniuses is small—comprising Cæsar, Hannibal, Marlborough, Napoleon and Lee. Napoleon he puts at the very top, and, in our age, Lee. That is about right, and what the impartial historians of the future will pretty much agree to. The great Moltke has the same view of Napoleon. With Lee, Stonewall Jackson must not be forgotten. No commander of modern times excelled him in strategic insight, and his attack always told.

Professor Blackie is ever original and sound. In a lecture on Education, at Kingussie, he said the object of schooling was to draw out, not to cram in, and to make the mind grow consciously as the plant grows unconsciously. He deprecated the exclusive use of books. He declared the Bible too sacred to be taught as a school book. He insisted on the study of history, and hoped that there would soon be a Chair of History in every Scotch University, a hope which we may echo in Canada, where there is not one.

Turning to his own people, Professor Blackie put one great source of moral culture in national songs. They enrich the blood more than the best sermon, because no minister would pretend that the best sermons were better than the songs of David; and as to the songs of Scotland, "A man's a man for a' that," could they hear a better psalm than that song? As to the æsthetical element of human nature, the Scotch people, he was sorry to say, were not an æsthetical people. The Scotch had no sense of the beautiful. He did not want the schoolmaster's salary to be paid

by results. That was degrading and made the schoolmaster a slave.

A glance over the whole field of public opinion, during the past three months, reveals a strengthened and a loftier national feeling than existed before. It is more general, too, stretching from the east to the west. Partisan papers may seek to explain that sentiment away, but they cannot do it. Canada is immeasurably stronger to-day, in the consciousness of self-sustainment and of determining to be itself, and nothing else, than it was before Mr. Cleveland's Retaliation message.

Some of the papers, whose object it would not be hard to fathom, complain bitterly that the writers and speakers should be called traitors who would hand over their country to another, on the transparent plea of a material improvement, which cannot be shown, and which does not justify the risk of political change. Yet, traitor is the word. It conveys precisely what is meant. Canada is well as it stands. Its institutions are no longer experimental, but entering fast upon results of practical thrift. We are a nation now, and need no officious bolstering.

It is amusing to observe the free and easy way in which the papers of the Northwest speak of the older Provinces. They toss them off jauntily with the name of "Eastern" Canada, as if they were ever so far away and only lightly connected with them. In their tone, too, these young papers are a little saucy, but that will right itself with time. Dudley Warner, who has just returned from there, was amused to find in our Northwest the same offhandedness as in the American Western States, and the same show of independence of the East.

And yet the old Provinces are still there. They cannot be shaken off by a shrug of the shoulder, or even a blow betwixt the eyes. They carry the ark of the Constitution in their hands, and no Ishmaelite may dare to lay profane hands thereon. They are the depositories of the traditions of the country, besides, and are the guardians of principles which have made Canada what it is. And—coming down to hard pan—it is their money, their hoarded means, the fruit of secular toil, that has gone far toward the building of the North-West itself.

Up to two or three years ago our blue-books, Federal and Provincial, were unworthy of the Governments which put them forth, and inadequate to the money spent on them. At present there is a change for the better. The Maritime Provinces and Ontario have put forward neat samples, and Quebec has followed suit, in several instances, this year. The Federal Government ought to give the example. So precious a yearly volume as that of the Archives, for instance, should be printed on good paper and bound in stiff covers.

There has been very little light thrown upon the hidden influences which put a sudden stop to the negotiations with Newfoundland for union, and if the Dominion Government have received any official communication on the subject they have kept it strictly to themselves. What adds to the mystery is the information now leaking out, from reliable sources, that the opposition to the proposed measure is by no means preponderating. The Rev. Mr. Harvey, well-known correspondent of the *Gazette*, and, we believe, of the *Globe*, as well, states that the adherents are very strong, and that the day may be carried within a not distant future.

ONLY HALF CIVILIZED.

We are very boastful of our progress in civilization, and while our American friends may be said to take the palm in that respect, the Canadian is not far behind, and, indeed, in certain points, fancies that he has done better than his big neighbour. We have each dark, aboriginal elements to deal with, the United States having two—the Indian and the Negro—and the Dominion one, the Indian, from Prince Edward Island to the shores of the Skeena. With the former the Americans and ourselves have had to deal for over two hundred and fifty years, and close contact with the Ethiopian across the border goes back nearly two centuries.

In that time these people have been more or less under the influence of the white man; the English having one way of treating them, and the French another, but both relying, as the most powerful agency, on the examples and teachings of Christianity. At first the original holders of the continent had to be subdued by force of arms, and, while this was done partially and temporarily with some tribes alone, the greater number were brought under by stratagem, fraudulent treaties and fire water. Practically, to-day, after bloody outbreaks in defence of their rights, or in vengeance for outrages upon their women, their property and their own personal freedom, the red race has been driven into subjection to the pale face, and it is Washington and Ottawa that rule even in the farthest fastnesses of the Yukon or Labrador.

This being so, we may well stop to ask whether we have succeeded to any appreciable extent in civilizing the Indian and bringing him up to the standard of Christian virtues and the usages of social life? We need not go out of our own country for an answer. The Lower Provinces have their Micmacs and their Abenakis; Quebec, its Hurons and its Iroquois; Ontario, its Algonquins; and the whole Northwest, the many broken fragments of the tribes that have been beaten back, in a thousand battles, to the prairies and foothills of the setting sun. How do these Indians stand? Are they civilized or not civilized? The answer must imply an admission that there is such a thing as a distinction of races—almost radical in its divergencies—however we may hold to the absolute unity of origin. One half of our Indians are not civilized. The other half are civilized but in part, and it is only a slender proportion that, in habit of thought, mode of life and daily contact with the ways of great centres, like Quebec, Montreal, London and Winnipeg, can lay any claim to the title of civilized Christian. And even in these reservations—which are, at best, but a mild form of disguised imprisonment—the old lawless spirit breaks out at times. The Onondagas of New York were caught only lately indulging in their old cruel and obscene rites of paganism; the dog worship, innocent enough, though grotesque and heathenish, is regularly practised in Brantford, and the sun-dance—a more poetic and logical form of adoration—is one of the yearly attractions at Calgary.

The missionaries will not deny these facts. Indeed, they are the first to acknowledge that, under the best circumstances, their neophytes can hardly be led beyond a certain point of mental or moral progress. They can be taught to read only the hymns and the outlines of gospel instruction. The leading points of Christianity, few and

salient, they generally seize and follow them pretty well. The missionaries, who may be admitted to know them best, insist that the Indian can be made to follow an elementary code of moral and religious behaviour, to feel the constant criticism of God even in his isolation, and they hold that the red men must be allowed to continue their natural life in the woods. That will do, for a while longer, in the Northwest, but there, as in the old provinces, with the clearance of the woods and the destruction of the hunt, the Indian must perforce bend down to the tilling of the soil. In the western territories of the United States the reservations are going to be bought from the Indians, on liberal terms, and the holders will have to shift for themselves like white men,

There is no doubt that the Negro is far more advanced than the red man. With the exception of still large traces of Voudouism in the interior of the Southern States, he has taken up much of the colour and polish of civilization. The negro is more imitative and absorbent than the Indian. It is a mistake to imagine that he is lazy. The work that is done under the tropical sunbeams, during cotton picking, is something that white men cannot perform, and which drove the Choc-taws, Chippewas and Cherokees away from the South into the prairies of New Mexico. The Negro will never lose his colour, but he will become a citizen. The Indian will soften his hue and his cheek bone, but it will be many scores of years before he is much more than an Indian.

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

"To point a moral and adorn a tale."

—*Johnson: Vanity of Human Wishes.*

A potent influence, we are taught, is often possessed by little things. Our attention is directed to

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,

and so on. I think the potent influence of little things is very well exemplified, indeed, in the case of a tooth when it is aching. With all the excruciating tortures that tyrannic barbarity has devised, I sometimes wonder that it seems never to have tried boring a hole into the tooth. The Car of Juggernaut, in grinding the human body, inflicted hardly more pain than would be produced by simply grinding a "grinder." What rash promises of remuneration for relief are made by the sufferer from toothache, promises from which he would probably be afterward justified in backing out. Yes, indeed: little things often possess a potent influence; and, in the language of the immortal bard, "tall aches from little toe corns grow."

John L. Sullivan has at last met an opponent that has succeeded in completely knocking him out, notwithstanding that

The muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands:

Through dissipation he has run foul of natural law, whose proverbial immutability cannot be compromised. It has turned upon him, struck him below the belt (the trouble being in his stomach), and laid him upon his back. The gratifying result is said to be that he is a sadder and a wiser man; and, having repented, is metaphorically punching his own head for a change.

In his "Polite Learning," Goldsmith tells us that "dictionary writing was at that time much in fashion." I wonder if there ever was a time when dictionary reading was much in fashion. When Mark Twain referred to it as being tolerably good reading, but disconnected, the civilized world was expected to hold its sides. And there would probably be renewed laughter if anyone ventured seriously to remark that he did rather enjoy reading a dictionary. At all events, this occupation is regarded in this light by the humble individual

who has now the honour to address you. Of course, it is not a work over which to burn the midnight oil, but to take up for a few minutes while lunch is being dished, and when there is not time for anything more "connected." Then there is the pleasure of rolling a new word, like a sweet morsel, under one's tongue, just before rolling the sweet morsel literally. If dictionary reading should ever become fashionable, as dictionary writing did, people will more frequently say what they mean. As it is, however, the spirit is willing, but the language is often weak.

Notes of complaint have for some time been sounded by musical people on the theme of encores at concerts. Nevertheless, the audiences continue, like Fagan, to cry for "more." The performers place upon the programme all that they feel that they can execute with justice to themselves, but the audiences desire the concert to have something thrown in, like a prize package. I am inclined to believe that these encores give vent to a little vanity on the part of the audiences. They imagine: now we are showing that we have musical taste; we are demonstrating the fact that we understand classical music. And the encores continue to encore, and the performers continue their prize-package concerts. One encore may be a graceful compliment, but surely not a dozen. How would it do to have an ample programme neatly labeled No Encores?

The Germans are latterly being rivalled by the English in the coining of long words. Our scientific terms are long enough, but that is not all. One writer refers to certain purists as "antieverythingarians"; another speaks of the "cantankerousities" of ill-natured people; while still another characterises mankind, truly enough, as "mammonolaters." There is getting to be a good deal of this polysyllabication. If it continues we shall certainly require, as the hymn says, "A thousand tongues to sing."

What did I tell you? The other day I remarked, in these columns, that we had not heard from the sea serpents or weather prophets for a long time, but that, having spoken of them, we might now expect them to turn up any day. Sure enough, Mr. Wiggins breaks out a day or two after. Really, I think I would be almost justified in coming out now as a prophet myself. Now for the sea serpent. Who has seen the sea serpent? Don't all speak at once.

THE MONTAGNAIS INDIANS.

VISIT TO THE RESERVE AT POINTE BLEUE.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED takes a special interest in our Indians, as a notable portion of the country, from the points of view of history and of civilization, and will always keep track of whatever is published about them. Thus the reader will doubtless be pleased with the following account of a visit to the Montagnais reserve at Pointe Bleue, Lake St. John, from the *Empire*:

On Sunday I visited, with a number of other tourists, the Indian reserve at Pointe Bleue. The Montagnais, who gather here for their summer mission and for the manufacture of their canoes, hunt in winter the woods that lie between Bersimis, on the Lower St. Lawrence, and Mistassini Lake. They are probably the most interesting tribe in North America, and certainly no other Canadian Indians can nearly approach them in darkness of skin. They are so decidedly copper-coloured that the Hurons, of Lorette, would appear quite pale-faced alongside of them. Here and there I picked out one of somewhat doubtful origin, and in almost all of such cases was but little surprised to learn that they had been born in the vicinity of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts at Lake Mistassini or James' Bay. The children and younger women of the tribe are, as a rule, healthy looking and full in the face. The men and the older women are almost invariably marked with hollow cheeks and other symptoms of an approaching decline. There are scarcely any old men or women in the tribe. The hardships that they endure are certainly responsible for the absence of longevity. They spend their

winter nights in tents or lodges, sleeping upon *sapin* boughs piled up on the snow, and when game is scarce they not infrequently feel the pangs of hunger for several days together, while many of their number have been known to die of starvation. The squaws display great admiration for gay colours and wrap their shoulders in the brightest of bright cotton handkerchiefs, which are also used as head dresses for the girls. The costume of a Montagnais matron is incomplete without the tribal tuque, similar in shape to the ordinary tuques of Canadian snowshoers, but with the point caught down in front to the band, and the whole formed of alternate pointed stripes of red and black, each stripe piped in blue. The distinguishing feature of a Montagnais belle is the manner of dressing her deep black hair. This is divided in two by a parting at the back, and at each side it is fastened in front of her ear in a large roll finished off around the middle exactly like a bank of yarn. I attended their service on Sunday in the little Indian church and heard them sing in their own peculiar language in adoration of the Virgin. As I watched the earnestness of their devotion I could not fail to be struck with the air of superior indifference with which they regarded, or rather failed to regard the visitors who were seated amongst them, and I doubt very much whether an average city congregation would manifest as little distraction from worship at the presence in their midst of a detachment of Montagnais. I made a mental comparison, too, of the head dresses of the squaws with those of the ladies of our party, and it seemed to me that an unprejudiced observer would have no difficulty in deciding that, while the former should certainly carry off the palm for general utility, they could scarcely lay claim to excel in absurdity of design. The civility with which the strangers were shown by the Indians to the very best seats in their pretty little church, set me involuntarily a-thinking of some stately cathedrals of the pale faces, where a stranger may worship God in the aisle or on the poor benches, unless some pewholder and his family chance to be out of town. I most sincerely hope that we shall never educate the Indians up to the sale or lease of their church pews!

LITERARY NOTES.

The lamentable death of R. J. Elliott leaves the editor's chair of the *McGill University Gazette* vacant.

The biography of Henry Ward Beecher, will contain copious extracts from his journals and private correspondence.

Rev. Dr. Campbell, of Renfrew, has been appointed lecturer on Moral Philosophy at Morin College, Quebec.

The publishing house of Imrie & Graham, on Colborne street, Toronto, has been destroyed by fire. Loss, \$6,000.

Dr. Priestly and Professor Ferrier, noted physicians of London, England, visited Montreal on their way to England from the Washington Congress of American physicians.

On Saturday week an official of the Customs visited the news stands of Kingston and seized all the copies of the *New York Illustrated News* exposed for sale, on the ground that the paper is an immoral one.

Lord Tennyson, though he denies that he is to write a poem outlining the changes of religious faith through which he has passed, acknowledges that he is at work on a philosophical work in verse which will touch more or less upon questions of religion.

The joint committee on the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa have decided to have published Mr. Bourinot's work, suggested by him, of a volume of charters, despatches and other papers illustrative of the constitutional history of Canada from 1540 to 1888. The publication is to be at his own risk, but Parliament is to be asked to purchase 500 copies of the book.

FRUITION.

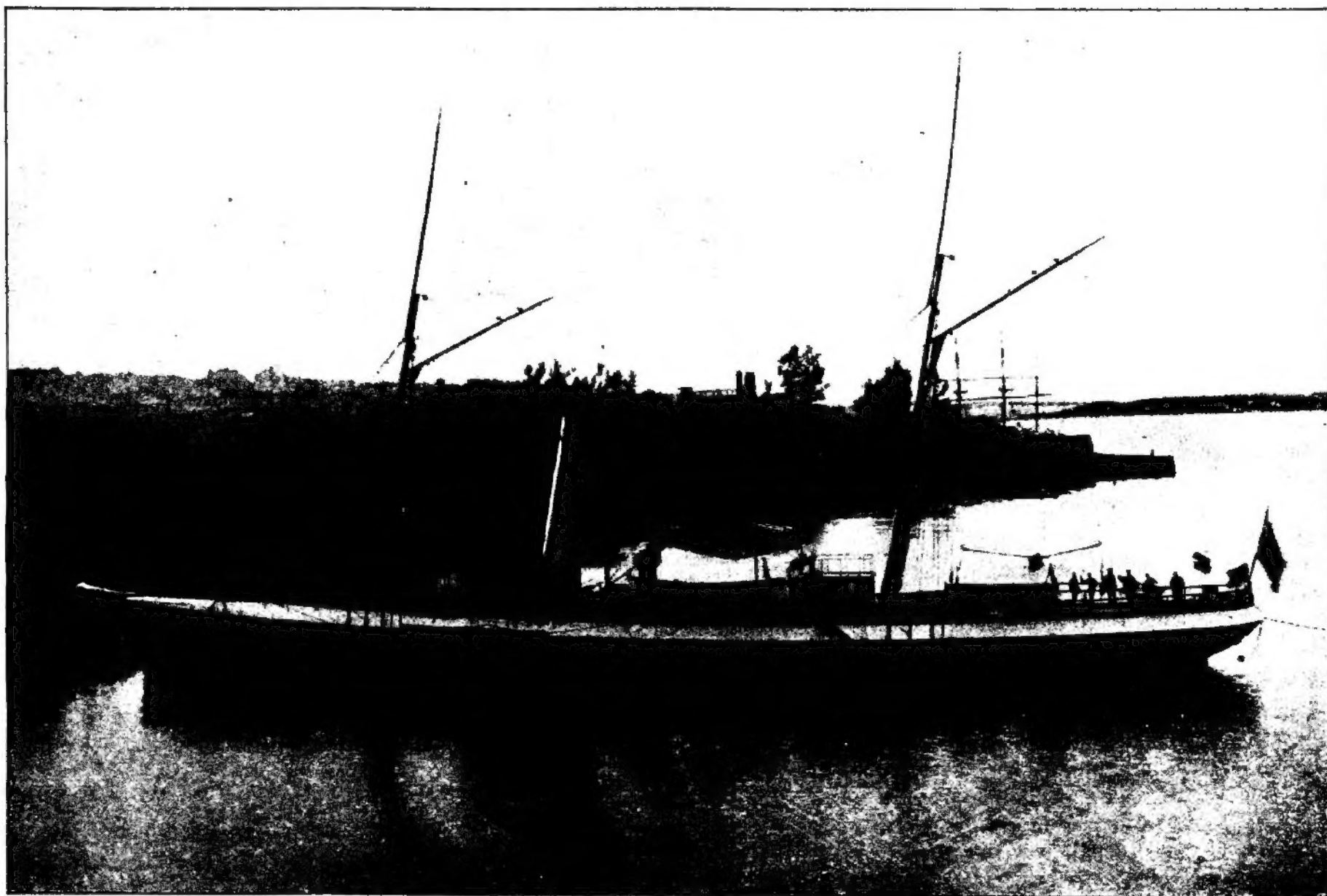
Long pauses and the calm of restful days
Come on and on, like breathing soft and deep;
A quietness is here that is not sleep,
The flooding silence of October blaze.

Maturing fruitfulness nor swings nor sways
The drooping branches; sheaves can hardly keep
Their treasure hid; to-morrow shall down heap
Along the thrifty and abundant ways.

The time is fast completing. Rest is soon
For glebe and gleaner in fruition's best.
So thou, dear land! with fruitage time begun,
Shalt smile beneath a kindly harvest moon;
As in the vales, within thy people's breast,
Love's richer gleanings shall be quickly won.

Wolfville, N. S.

J. F. HERBIN.



THE CANADIAN CRUISER "ACADIA."

From a photograph by Notman, Halifax.



JAMES W. HAMM, 2ND OFFICER. DAVID MOONEY, CHIEF ENGINEER. J. A. TILTON, CLERK. ALLAN WEIR, 2ND ENGINEER.
EDWARD STOR, BOATSWAIN AND GUNNER. W. H. KENT, CHIEF OFFICER. LIEUT. A. R. GORDON, R. N., COMMANDER.

THE OFFICERS OF THE "ACADIA,"

From a photograph by Notman, Halifax.



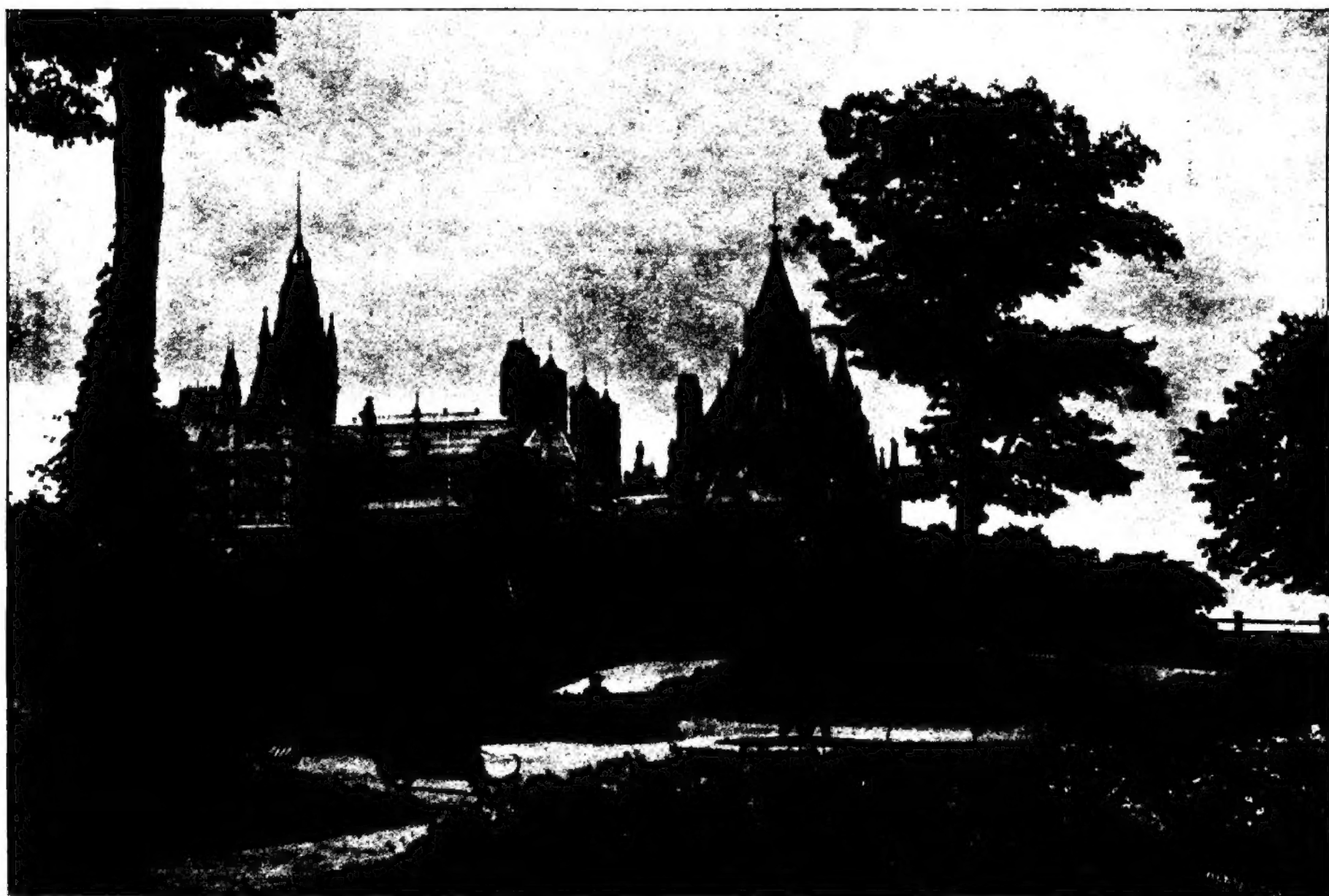
CAPT. ANDREW R. GORDON, OF THE "ACADIA,"
COMMODORE OF THE CANADIAN FLEET.

From a photograph by Notman, Halifax.



MR. LUCIEN PETYT, ENGINEER,
INSPECTING VISITOR OF RAILWAYS.

From a photograph by Query Frères.



IN THE PUBLIC GARDENS, OTTAWA.

From a photograph by Henderson.



SIR CHARLES TUPPER.—Our picture of Sir Charles Tupper is one of the latest that has been taken, and represents him pretty much as he appears to-day. He was born at Amherst, Nova Scotia, on the 2nd July, 1821, and is an *alumnus* of Acadia College, taking the degrees of M. A. and D. C. L. from that institution. Having chosen medicine as his profession, he studied at Edinburgh, and got the degree of Royal College of Surgeons of that city in 1843. He is governor of Dalhousie College since 1862, and was president of the Canada Medical Association from its establishment, in 1867, until 1870, when he declined reelection. He entered public life in 1855 as member of the Nova Scotia Assembly for Cumberland, a constituency which he has represented, in some shape or form, ever since. He was Provincial Secretary of his native province from 1857 to 1860, and from 1863 to 1867, and First Minister from 1864 to 1867, the year of Confederation. Sir Charles Tupper was one of the Fathers of Confederation, being a member of the Union Conference at Charlottetown in 1864, to that at Quebec the same year, and to the Colonial Conference, at London, in 1866-67. He went to England, in regard to the Nova Scotia difficulty about the Union, in 1868. Sir Charles holds the patent of rank and precedence from Her Majesty as an ex-Councillor of Nova Scotia, and was created C.B. in 1867, K.C.M.G. in 1879, and G.C.M.G. in 1886. His career in the Federal Administration has been multifarious and active. He declined a seat in the first confederate cabinet, in 1867, but accepted the presidency of the Council in 1870, and filled several other offices until 1873, when he resigned with the Government. On the return of his party to power, in 1878, he was made successively Minister of Public Works, and of Railways and Canals, till 1884, when he was appointed High Commissioner to London. He represented the Dominion as Executive Commissioner at the Antwerp International Exhibition, in 1885, and, again, at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, in 1886. Sir Charles has sat for Cumberland since 1855, except during the intervals when he was out of parliamentary life, for short intervals, and that constituency has kept faithful to him, through almost innumerable electoral contests. In Parliament his name is associated with a large number of important measures. In 1880 he was one of three who went to obtain the ratification by the Imperial Parliament of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and he was connected with the negotiations almost to the completion thereof. In 1884 he occupied his office of High Commissioner at London; returned to take office as Finance Minister, in 1887; was nominated to the Fisheries Commission at Washington; passed the bill ratifying the Treaty, in the Parliament of 1888, and is now once more in England, attending to the interests of the Dominion.

THE CANADIAN CRUISER "ACADIA."—We intended to have presented our readers with pictures of our entire Canadian fleet of cruisers, doing patrol duty on the fishing grounds; also engravings of the fishing fleets and other subjects of interest in the same connection. But finding it too late in the season, we had to put off our project till next year. Meanwhile, through the courtesy of the Department of Marine and Fisheries and the kindness of Captain Gordon, we are enabled to give engravings of the "Acadia," the flagship of the squadron, and of her officers. The "Acadia" was formerly the famous U. S. yacht, the "Yosemite," built in 1880 by John Roach, of Brooklyn, for the millionaire banker, Wm. Belden. She is 237 net register tons, or about 400 gross. Her dimensions are: length, 210 feet; beam, 24 ft.; draught of water when deep loaded, aft 14 ft. 6, forward 10 ft 6. This vessel has great speed considering the date of her construction. She can steam when required between 17 and 18 knots per hour, equal to from 20 to 21 land miles. In actual practice this is not done, as the consumption of coal to maintain such a rate would be from eighteen to twenty tons per day; cruising at 10 or 11 knots seven tons per diem is all that is consumed. She is a good sea boat and in every way a staunch little vessel, carrying two six pounder guns and a crew of thirty-seven men. Being low in the water and of but little beam, she is not observable at any great distance, and when a fleet of fishermen is sighted and a spurt put on, she runs down so rapidly on them that they have christened her "The Ghost." Should the engines by any mischance become disabled, the screw can be disconnected and allowed to revolve clear of the engines, under which circumstance the "Acadia" carries quite canvass enough to be manageable.

M. LUCIEN PETYT.—This gentleman is a civil engineer, who is bearer of a commission from the French Government to visit, examine and report on the railway system of Canada and the United States. M. Petyt sprung from sailor stock, at Denkerque, in the North of France, has distinguished himself at home by much professional work in the inspection of the technical services of the State railways at Paris, and by reports on the mobilisation and concentration of troops. During the late war he served with such acceptance in the Army of the North, acting on the staff of the Division Commander, Gen. Favre, that he was made Knight of the Legion of Honour in 1871. M. Petyt has been offered the hospitality and assistance of the Canadian

Pacific Railway authorities, with all that these terms imply, and has gone over the whole line of scientific observation from Manitoba to Vancouver. His report to the French Department of Marine and Colonies will doubtless be worthy of the importance of the mission, the abilities of the officer, and the initiative of the Republic of France.

OTTAWA PUBLIC GARDENS.—There are perhaps no ornamental grounds of the kind in Canada having so many advantages of scenery joined to them as these Ottawa Gardens. The situation will be located at a glance from the sight of the Main Parliamentary Building. The view of the Parliamentary Library, full in front, is doubtless the finest ever taken of that miracle of architecture, and enough, of itself, to give price to the engraving.

THE LACHINE BOATING CLUB has its quarters at Lachine, on the River St. Lawrence, distant from Montreal about eight miles, and was formed in the year 1864, its first president being Thomas Workman, Esq. Then, in rapid succession, we find the names of the following gentlemen filling that office, viz.: Thos. A. Dawes, Esq.; Alfred Brown, Esq.; Hon. John Young; William McNaughton, Esq.; H. E. Murray, Esq.; W. H. Rintoul, Esq.; H. D. Whitney, Esq.; A. Boyer, Esq., M.P.P. Some of the leading aquatic events which have taken place in this country have been held under the club's auspices, notably the four oared race for the championship of the world, between the Paris crew of St. John, N.B., and the Tyne crew of Newcastle, Eng., and the single scull race, in which the great Renforth rowed, in September, 1870. The race for the championship, between Hanlon and Courtney, was also rowed here. Two of the most successful regattas of the Canadian Association Amateur Oarsmen have been held at Lachine under its management, and at the last, in 1886, the Lachine Crew won the four oared race for the championship of Canada. During the past few years canoeing has been a favourite pastime with many of its members, and the Lake St. Louis Canoe Club is an outcome of this, both being associated, and their annual regattas are always looked forward to with interest. Sailing is also gone into with much zest, and some crack yachtsmen are among its members. Since its formation the club has steadily progressed, and is now looked upon as one of the leading clubs in the country; membership, about 200. Present committee of the Lachine Boating Club, 1888: Hon. president, T. A. Dawes, Esq.; president, A. Boyer, Esq., M.P.P.; first vice-president, Andrew J. Dawes, Esq.; second vice-president, Jas. G. Monk, Esq.; captain, A. E. Nash, Esq.; committee, Messrs. W. H. Rintoul, A. W. Morris, D. Robertson, C. H. Gwilt, G. H. Duggan, J. S. Robertson, A. B. Gwilt, A. Shearwood, Norman Henderson, T. Gilmour; hon. secretary and treasurer, C. R. Christie.

A JERSEY FAMILY.—Ten or fifteen years ago the sight of this small herd would have been a curiosity. But since then, the Jerseys have become Canadian, and to such an extent that we have a progeny of our own and our own herd-book. While they are cultivated to perfection in Ontario, especially by Mr. Fuller, they have two seats in Quebec—one at St. Lamberts, whence the distinct name of a family, and another at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, on Montreal Island, where the yield is known for its prize-winnings at all exhibitions.

MANŒUVRES OF THE FRENCH FLEET.—Two sketches are comprised under this heading. The first is the firing of a great turret gun, showing that now-a-days such exercises are executed through the agency of vapour or of hydraulic machinery. Indeed, the shells are drawn from the magazine by mechanical apparatuses, propelled along the deck through iron-bound tubes, and delivered to the breach, when the gunner has nothing left to do except to close the opening, point and fire. This is the subject of our first sketch, and the sight is said to have been of interest to President Carnot. The next picture is that of the repulsion of the torpedo boats' attack at night. The plan of the engagement was that a number of torpedo boats should attempt to break the barriers and surprise the ironclads. The latter, being ever on guard, shoot their electric lights to all points of the horizon, and then belch forth their thousands of projectiles, from the revolver cannon and the marine rifles. Although it is only a mock combat, the effect is described as singularly impressive, as, amid the thunder of heavy artillery from the ironclads, the dark, invisible torpedo boats, freighted with terrible death, advance silently and without reply. The President of the Republic, who witnessed the splendid sight from the platform of the land fortification, at Cherbourg, where stands the statue of Napoleon I., expressed his unbounded admiration of the perfection and sublimity of the whole manœuvre.

THE WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

At the end of the first year comes the cotton wedding.
At the end of the second year comes the paper wedding.
At the end of the third year comes the leather wedding.
At the end of the fifth year comes the wooden wedding.
At the end of the seventh year comes the woollen wedding.
At the end of the tenth year comes the tin wedding.
At the end of the twelfth year comes the silk and fine linen wedding.
At the end of the fifteenth year comes the crystal wedding.
At the end of the twentieth year comes the china wedding.
At the end of the twenty-fifth year comes the silver wedding.
At the end of the thirtieth year comes the pearl wedding.
At the end of the fortieth year comes the ruby wedding.
At the end of the fiftieth year comes the golden wedding.
At the end of the seventy-fifth year comes the diamond wedding.

WALDEN PHILOSOPHY.

There are not many men precisely like Thoreau. If there were, we should have a primitive hut beside every clear pond and a whole host of philosophers hoeing beans. But, again: if there were more somewhat like him, the bankrupt court would figure less prominently in daily national life, and many a man would be simply and honourably doing what he could with the hands and brains God gave him and living where he could live honestly, instead of prevaricating, struggling to keep up appearances, deceiving, embezzling, and, finally, crowding all canvas for the haven of insolvency, as the only respectable (?) refuge open open to him.

It is not that one would point to Thoreau as the one true mode of living. That, on the face of it, would be folly; for there is no *one* true mode of living. Time, environment, physical condition, mental trend—all must have some bearing upon the conduct of life.

The Walden recluse himself found his life in the woods the best life for two years and two months only. Probably, if we are in earnest, we can all find what is best for us to do, at each and every time.

Indeed, so far from setting Thoreau on a pedestal of perfection, one sometimes feels very much inclined to quarrel with him, overlooking, for the moment, the good message which is the note of his book "Walden." For instance, when he gets into the mysteries of breadmaking, and gives his views concerning the unimportance of yeast and salt; or, again, when, after mentioning his maternal draught of clear pond water, he exclaims: "Fancy dashing the hopes of a morning with a cup of warm coffee!" I must confess to being rather nettled by that, having never found anything in good, clear, breakfast coffee peculiarly destructive to the frail fabric of which hopes are made.

Still more aggravating are his remarks anent philanthropy. Although not so callous on a second reading as they would appear at first, one cannot help feeling that he under-rates the true piety which was at the back of most of the philanthropy of which he speaks so lightly. Of course, philanthropy is frequently misdirected, and frequently assumed from ulterior motives. Nevertheless, if Lazarus be at our gate, we must soothe his wounds and satisfy his hunger, if we would not know a hunger in our souls and bear about with us a wounded spirit.

However, any points on which Thoreau expresses himself somewhat differently from what one might have desired are lost sight of in the face of all that is good in his life and writings, and this, it seems to me, is the main good in both—simplicity. He preached it, and he lived it, and thousands of careworn men and women, if they would but heed the quiet voice from the Massachusetts woods might get the easiest, the only practicable solution to their multitude of social and domestic problems. Not that it would be necessary or advisable for them all to build rough cottages on pine-grown hills, and hoe beans for a living. Thoreau himself warns against a too literal interpretation of his message. But what is necessary and what is advisable is that frugal simplicity, any primitive crudeness should be considered preferable to debt and dishonesty or the bondage of endless anxious struggling to keep up appearances. For what does this keeping up of appearances amount to, after all? Smith wearing himself out, bringing grey hairs to his head, and taking the sweetness out of everything with worry and anxiety—perhaps even pressing duplicity into the service, that Brown, who lives on his right hand, and Jones, on his left, may think his income is four thousand when, in reality, it is only two. "Before we can adorn our houses with beautiful objects, the walls must be stripped, and our lives must be stripped, and beautiful housekeeping and beautiful living be laid for a foundation," says Thoreau. But beautiful housekeeping and beautiful living could not abide under the same roof with such foolish and unworthy pretence. If we were more given to sustaining

realities, we should have less to do in keeping up appearances.

There is an aspect of the Concord philosopher's doctrine of simplicity that ought to be studied by every tired, toiling housekeeper. He makes one see very plainly the folly of over-furnishing and over-ornamenting, so that the best part of one's time goes in the care of these furnishings and ornaments. One beautiful picture, and one beautiful vase with a wealth of roses, or even a cluster of marguerites, would be worth the whole miscellaneous clutter of ornaments, so called, in many a room, and not require a tenth part of the care in arranging and dusting. If we would come face to face with the question, How much is there in our houses that we really do not need? (that is, that does not minister to our well-being, comfort or pleasure) I fancy a pretty effective clearance would be in order, provided we had the courage to follow our convictions. Of course, these arguments are not applicable in the same way to people whose wealth permits them to hire other hands to arrange their tidies and Japanese fans, and dust their Dresden china. They may indulge their taste for bric-à-brac to their hearts' content, provided they make sure that, when they buy an ornament, it is in the true sense an ornament, and not merely "something to put in a bare place." That sort of thing is not much better than Mrs. Parvenu's action in going to buy a globe for her library and insisting that it should be square, so as to fit into the corner. But the people to whom Thoreau's message appeals most directly are those who are exhausting themselves with a round of petty cares, half of which might be avoided. The function of an ornament is to give pleasure, and when, by their multiplicity, they give the housekeeper more pain in the care of them than pleasure in the contemplation, it is high time they were dethroned.

Hundreds of weary men and women might gain a reprieve from the deadly work of worry if they would but heed the voice of the wise naturalist and accept thankfully his gospel of emancipation.

Montreal.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

MISS BAKER AND SIR JOHN.

Miss Hulda Baker, the elocutionist, arrived home. says the *Syracuse Standard*, from Thousand Island Park last evening. Miss Baker is the fair Syracusean who made herself famous at Kingston, Ont., by accosting Sir John Macdonald, Premier of Canada, and assuring him that in case he came to the United States he would be heartily received. Miss Baker gives this account of an incident which is international in character:

"I am much mortified at being heralded over the country, and had no thought of anything only saying in as private a way as I could what I did, after having my patriotism aroused by the Premier and his suite (especially the Premier) saying such hard things of the United States. I had a position on the grand stand where I could hear all that was said. When they had finished speaking and were about to leave, the Premier happened to turn and pass me, and, quick as thought, I extended my hand and bowing and smiling said to him: 'Excuse me, sir, but I am a loyal American, and we open our doors wide to you and you shall come in and dwell peacefully with us if you will.' Amid great applause he laughingly replied, as he shook my hand: 'Of course you would let such a good-looking old fellow as I in?' To which I replied: 'Certainly, and I will stand in the door.' Then more laughter and applause, and Sir John immediately offered himself as my escort and introduced me all round, and, in the company of the Premier and his suite, I was escorted through the buildings and into outside attractions. When it was time for me to take the boat for Thousand Island Park he very gallantly placed me in a carriage and I was gone, not expecting anything from it but a little pleasantry. But as I learn the press has made much of it, and the reporters did not always get it as it was, I gladly tell you the whole proceeding just as it occurred."

PEACE RIVER COUNTRY.

Now that the Federal Government has announced the intention of opening up that wonderful region by roads, treaties with the Indians and Mounted Police, any facts are valuable and this very interesting account of a trip into it, given the *Battleford Herald* by Mr. Emil Richard is full of information.

Separated from the prairie region of the Saskatchewan by two hundred miles of wooded country, this land has remained to this day a practically unexplored region.

Before any extensive settlement can be made, a cart road has to be opened through thick woods and numerous swamps, from some point on the Athabasca River to the Hudson's Bay Co.'s posts of the Peace River, which are supplied by way of Athabasca Landing, with York boats pulling up stream the Athabasca and Lesser Slave Rivers. Numerous rapids make the navigation available and certain for two months only, June and July, and it is a hard and expensive job at best. The distances are, sixty-three miles on the Athabasca, forty-one on the Lesser Slave River, and seventy-five on Lesser Slave Lake. From the west end of the Lake to the Peace River, a good cart road has been made by the Hudson's Bay Co.

I left Battleford in the beginning of June. To avoid pulling up stream from the Athabasca Landing I made my way west of Edmonton to the Pembina River, which empties into the Athabasca about thirty miles above the mouth of the Lesser Slave.

The Pembina is a stream of fair size, but exceedingly crooked and full of rapids. It will never be made navigable for steam boats unless at high water. Its length from this point in a straight line is about seventy miles, but it must be six or seven times as much by following the tortuous course of the stream. The country is wooded all the way, with small prairie patches on the east side, and the soil is generally good. Just before entering the Athabasca my companion killed a bear from the boat, but a succession of dangerous rapids forced us to leave our booty untouched.

No prairies, small or large, are to be seen on the Athabasca down to the Lesser Slave. This latter river is about two hundred feet wide and from two to five deep, with numerous rapids in the first eighteen miles, but none above to the lake. The valley, which is one mile wide, is partly open and covered with luxuriant grasses, but these prairie patches do not extend beyond the rim of the banks, and have likely been caused by the fires of the Hudson's Bay Co.'s boatmen. All the region along the Pembina to the west end of Slave Lake, nearly two hundred miles, may be considered as thickly wooded with poplar and spruce of all sizes, but with a considerable proportion large enough for sawing and building purposes.

The population of the Peace River country is very sparse. The largest settlement is at the west end of Lesser Slave Lake, where there is a Hudson's Bay post, two or three small traders, and Catholic and Protestant mission.

There are very few Indians at this post. Most are Cree-speaking Half-breeds, descendants of French and Iroquois voyageurs who settled there long ago. They speak neither French nor English, though their names are French, but they must have been nick-named or re-named according to their peculiarities of mind or body, Indian fashion, in witness thereof such names as Etienne La Douceur, Baptiste La Malice, Michel Courte Oreille. The last named, though, must have retained his father's name, as Michel Les Grand Oreilles would be much more appropriate.

All are living by fishing and hunting. The lake is teeming with excellent fish, and as all kinds of luxuries are totally unknown, very little exertion is needed to procure the few necessities that can be had. Their hunting grounds are around the lake. As fish is their principal article of food, and easy to procure, they seldom venture away from the lake shores. There is north of the lake, between the Peace and the Athabasca, a wooded country two hundred miles square, which is never hunted and which is said to abound with beavers.

No farming is done, with the exception of a few small potato patches; no farming implements are to be seen; and no cattle, except a few owned by the Hudson's Bay Co. There are quite a number of horses, but dogs are used, and every family possesses a half-a-dozen or more. They would fain be thought spoon-fed dogs, as in our absence they swam to our boat and carried away spoons, knives, cups, etc., leaving nothing but a bag of flour in a demoralized condition.

The prairie country may be said to begin at the west end of these prairies which are of small extent. Extensive "brulés" are to be seen in places, showing that the country is undergoing a rapid process of denudation by successive fires. Forty miles west of Lesser Slave Lake the Smoky River is crossed. It is a stream of considerable size, with grassy banks four hundred feet high. On its west side begins the "Grande Prairie"—a beautiful plain with luxuriant vegetation and a rich soil, gay with a profusion of wild flowers, and dotted with small groves of spruce and poplar. This "Grande Prairie" is bounded on the south by the Wapita River, and extends north all the way with few interruptions to near Dunvegan, on the Peace. This extensive country has all the necessary requirements to make of it a prosperous settlement, and no doubt it will be the first to be occupied. Before reaching Dunvegan a belt of wood six miles wide, mostly composed of large spruce trees and poplars, is crossed, when we unexpectedly emerge on the high banks of the Peace River—the great Unjaga of the Beaver Indians—flowing in a broad tranquil stream in a valley two or three miles wide, and with banks seven hundred feet high.

The great prairie country, however, begins at Dunvegan and extends west to near the foot of the Rockies, and north past Fort Vermillion towards the Hay and Liard Rivers and Great Slave Lake, or about three miles north of Dunvegan. The Peace is a deep, broad tranquil stream, navigable at all times for large steamboats from Fort St. John, near the foot of the Rockies, to within seventy-five miles of Lake Athabasca. Such is not the case, however. Some insignificant channels find their way to the lake, but the main body, reinforced by a powerful auxiliary from Lake Athabasca, pursues its straight course to Great Slave Lake, and even to the ocean; the Mackenzie itself being considered as a continuation of the same.

Lake Athabasca is 225 miles long, lying east and west. If a short canal were built at the fall above mentioned, there would be an uninterrupted easy navigation of 600 miles, from the foot of the Rockies to the east end of Lake Athabasca, whence a railway 350 miles long, through flat and rocky country, would lead to Fort Churchill on Hudson's Bay. Such a railway would open and give easy access to the whole northern country, and is one of the certainties of the not far distant future. I may add that 400 miles more of railway, from Fort St. John to Port Essington, on the Pacific coast or 760 miles in all—would (with 600 miles of navigation) form a complete transcontinental route from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific coast.

The Astor Library contains among its historic relics a copy of a letter of Columbus, of which only six are known to be in existence. One of these copies sold for \$700 at auction sale in London in 1872. This letter was written by Columbus at Lisbon, and is addressed to Raphael Sanchis, Treasurer to the King of Spain. A Latin version of the letter was printed in Rome. The letter is descriptive of his travels and discoveries. It was presented to the library by Mr. W. W. Astor.

Cost of electric lighting in Canadian cities and towns:—

	Cost per lamp per night.
Galt.....	29 cents.
Aylmer.....	25 "
Paris.....	26 "
Chatham.....	30 "
Ingersoll.....	25 "
Toronto.....	55 "



THE LACHINE BOAT CLUB ON A GALA DAY.

From a photograph by Summerhayes & Walford.



A JERSEY FAMILY.

From the painting by Edwin Douglass.
Photograph supplied by Mr. G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.

The Abduction of Poppet.

It seemed at first almost a hopeless attachment. She was of undoubted aristocratic parentage and descent, and had the entrée of the very cream of society. Had he ever troubled to think about it at all, he must certainly have experienced some misgivings as to the legitimacy of the connection, of which he was the result. He certainly was aware of the suspicion which inevitably manifested itself whenever he happened to be thrown outside the little world in which his peculiar qualities were recognized and appreciated. She, of course, belonged to the upper ten thousand, and had done nothing of any note since the hour of her birth. He also appeared to have nothing else to do except lounge about at street corners and at the doors of taverns; but, nevertheless, he had acquired a certain reputation, in some quarters, as a man of action and determination—in a word, as a "character."

Her name was "Poppet." She was known by no other, and was familiarly called so by princes and potentates in the grandest salons in London. Great men tried to propitiate themselves into her favour, and even duchesses occasionally used all sorts of endearments toward her. Still her head was not turned. The reason why, the reader will presently discover. He was known as Jim Lukens among his associates; but he was a fellow of infinite fancy, and had a happy knack of christening himself every now and again as he considered the circumstances of the moment appeared to demand it. Thus, in Coldbath-fields prison he was one person, and in Holloway gaol he was a different person altogether—nominally, at least. He did not find that continual baptisms mitigated the severity exercised in the official circles in which he often found himself, but he did not think it expedient to become too well acquainted by name to the Bench. Except in his one love affair, he had a deplorable lack of ambition.

"Poppet" lived with Lady Dollydacks in Park Lane, Hyde Park. She was not her ladyship's daughter, as Lord Dollydacks died without issue; neither was she her niece. Lady Dollydacks possessed a comfortable hatred of all her kith and kin. She felt it was the proper thing for a woman of her quality to do, and it saved so much trouble. No; "Poppet" was merely her ladyship's little *protégée*, and can hardly be said to have had any expectations beyond the comfort of her surroundings.

There was one particular about which all the official documents, in which Jim figured invariably, agreed, and that was, that he had "no occupation." It is reasonable to infer, therefore, that he was a gentleman of leisure, and, at least, her equal in this, if in nothing more. Indeed, he was more independent than she was, for he was a vagabond, who owned no master, not even his own will; while, as has been already told, she was but the *protégée* of Lady Dollydacks after all. "Poppet," however, was acknowledged by men and women of the highest capacity and rank to be simply perfect in form and beauty; he was described, on more than one occasion, in the police reports, as repulsively ugly. He was conscious, in a dim sort of way, of his physical deficiencies, but it did not check his passion for her.

Their first meeting, if it can be so called, happened in this way:

It was one beautiful summer morning. He was leaning over the railings of the "drive" in Hyde Park, looking at the brilliant equipages and their fair occupants as they passed him. There was a tinge of sullen, enquiring cynicism on his ugly but expressive features. He was reflecting, in his own crude fashion, upon the strangeness of the dispensations of Providence. He was a homeless, irreclaimable parish; these vivid crowds seemed veritable gods and goddesses.

All at once the discontent vanished out of his face, and it became irradiated with an appreciative intelligence. An open carriage, emblazoned regardless of expense, and drawn by a couple of beautiful coal black horses, was arrested by the opposing stream of traffic immediately in front of

him. Two servants, in gorgeous livery, sat on the box. The footman's calves, encased in flesh coloured hose, would have made George IV., of sacred memory, green with jealousy could he have seen them. The man was also a model of deportment—a creature after Mr. Turveydrop's own heart. He was motionless, silent and pompous, and his face wore that peculiar look of superior vacuity, of which those moving among the upper circles of society seem to possess a monopoly. But Jim did not give more than a glance at the servants; his eyes at once became riveted upon her. She sat, in the midst of her embroidered cushions, alone. Lady Dollydacks insisted upon her taking the air in this way every morning, except Sundays. It was in this matutinal drive that she performed the only labour she ever did. She brought home the day's supply of literature from Mudie's in the carriage with her. She was watching the faces of the occupants of the carriages as they passed her, and was wholly oblivious of the admiring glances cast back from them at her. She was thoroughbred and knew it, and one fancied, looking into her eyes, that there was a coldly critical air about them. Suddenly turning away from gazing at her world, having failed to recognize any one, her eyes for a moment fell upon him. Instinctively she shuddered back into her downy wrappings and averted her eyes, with a startled look about the corners of them. She was too proud to make any sign, although in her heart she felt a fearful dread of him spring up. His eyes seemed to devour her, and the carriage was delayed long enough for her profile to burn itself into his brain. He loved her, in his own vindictive way, at first sight.

During the next fortnight he was always at his place at the railings, and saw her driving past every morning. He had found out where she lived and all about her. There was some sort of fascination about him, too, for her, as every time she passed him her eyes were irresistibly drawn in his direction for a moment.

He had learnt of her visits to Mudie's library, and one morning he waited for her there, accompanied by another man, whose general appearance at once placed him in the same evil category as himself. The footman descended from the box and went inside; she remained without in the carriage. Jim's companion at once struck one of the horses with a stick he carried, and engaged in an altercation with the coachman, distracting his attention from his charge. Jim then lifted poor Poppet right out of her seat in his strong arms, and strangling her cries with one of her own silk wrappings, he turned hastily down a by-street, and was soon lost in the intricate mazes of Bloomsbury. She was abducted in broad daylight. Her struggles were all in vain; she was lost to her world for ever.

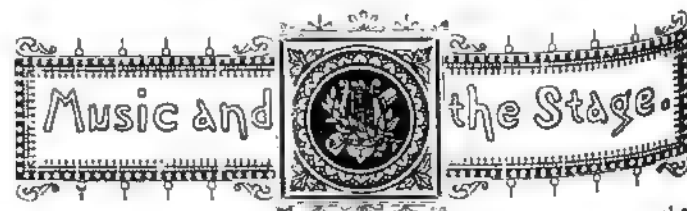
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The turns of Fortune's wheel are most curious. Poor "Poppet," after her glorious past, was ultimately disposed of to the proprietor of a circus, and after going through a great many vicissitudes, was obliged to perform tricks to a wide-mouthed mob. As for Lady Dollydacks, she was quite inconsolable for the loss of her favourite *poodle*.

Montreal.

WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

English is Germanic, although its vocabulary is loaded with many words of Latin origin. The French language was introduced into England by the Norman conquest in the eleventh century. From the two languages which were then found in the presence of one another, the Anglo-Saxon and the French, it has usually been said that a mixed language was formed—the English. This assertion is very inexact, from the morphological point of view. French, after the conquest, became the language of court and of justice, while it entered into the popular language only as to its vocabulary; but there it made a deep impression. Of the 43,000 words in the English language as they occur in the dictionary, more than 29,000 are of Roman origin, while only 13,000 or 14,000 are of Germanic origin, or Anglo-Saxon.



Mr. Lajeunesse, father of Mme. Albani will spend the winter in Montreal.

Mr. Jehin Prume has returned from Paris with his brother Erasme, a fellow artists.

The remains of Schubert were exhumed at Vienna last month, and were consecrated in the Währing Chapel by Father Schubert, a younger brother of the composer. The body was reinterred next to that of Beethoven.

THE CURSE ON DONERAILE.

Cormac O'Kelly, an Irish harper, went to Doneraile, in the County of Cork, where his watch was pilfered from his fob. This so roused his ire that he uttered the following "string of curses":

Alas! how dismal is my tale;
I lost my watch in Doneraile—
My Dublin watch, my chain and seal,
Pilfered at once in Doneraile.
May fire and brimstone never fail
To fall in showers on Doneraile;
May all the leading fiends assail
The thieving town of Doneraile;
As lightnings flash across the vale,
So down to hell with Doneraile!
The fate of Pompey at Pharsale,
Be that the curse of Doneraile;
May beef or mutton, lamb or veal,
Be never found in Doneraile,
But garlic soup and scurvy kale
Be still the food for Doneraile.
And forward as the creeping snail
Industry be at Doneraile.
May heaven a chosen curse entail
On ragged, rotten Doneraile;
May sun and moon forever fail
To beam their lights on Doneraile;
May every pestilential gale
Blast that cursed spot called Doneraile;
May no sweet cuckoo, thrush, nor quail,
Be ever heard in Doneraile;
May patriots, kings and commonweal
Despise and harass Doneraile;
May every post, gazette and mail
Sad tidings bring of Doneraile;
May vengeance fall on head and tail,
From north to south of Doneraile;
May profit small and tardy sale
Still damp the trade of Doneraile;
May fame resound a dismal tale
Whene'er she lights on Doneraile;
May Egypt's plagues at once prevail
To thin the knaves of Doneraile;
May frost and snow and sleet and hail
Benumb each joint in Doneraile;
May wolves and bloodhounds race and trail
The cursed crew of Doneraile;
May Oscar with his fiery flail
To atoms thrash all Doneraile;
May every mischief, fresh and stale,
Fall upon you, Doneraile;
May all, from Belfast to Kinsale,
Scoff, curse, and damn you, Doneraile;
May neither flour nor oatmeal
Be found or known in Doneraile;
May want and woe each joy curtail
That e'er was known in Doneraile;
May no one coffin want a nail
That wraps a rogue in Doneraile.
May all the thieves who rob and steal
The gallows meet in Doneraile;
May all the sons of Granuaile
Blush at the thieves of Doneraile;
May mischief big as a Norway whale
O'erwhelm the knaves of Doneraile;
May curses whole and by retail
Pour with full force on Doneraile;
May every transport wont to sail
A convict bring from Doneraile;
May every churn and milking-pail
Fall dry to staves in Doneraile;
May cold and hunger still congeal
The stagnant blood of Doneraile;
May every hour new woe reveal
That hell reserves for Doneraile;
May every chosen ill prevail
O'er all the imps of Doneraile;
May th' inquisition straight impale
The rapparees of Doneraile;
May curse of Sodom now prevail,
And sink to ashes Doneraile;
May Charon's host triumphant sail
Completely manned from Doneraile;
Oh! may my couplet never fail
To find new curse for Doneraile;
And may grim Pluto's inner gaol
Forever groan with Doneraile!

STRANGE REMINISCENCES OF A SEASON IN LONDON.

It had rained since the 1st of January, and was raining more or less still on the 1st June, and to make matters worse there was a nasty cold, searching N. E. wind.

For the minute the rain had ceased, and His Grace the Earl of Aberbrothock, faultlessly dressed and looking every inch a soldier, "sangre azul," stepped out of the Senior Carlton and made his way up Pall Mall. He had crossed to the north side, and as he turned the corner to go up St. James's street a particularly strong gust of wind took charge of his hat, a faultless Lincoln and Bennett.

The noble peer had made one fruitless grab at it as it left his cranium, and turning quickly round saw it slowly sinking sideways into one of the many heaps of liquid London mud awaiting removal by the ever-busy mud cart.

For a moment he leant on his umbrella, his face a picture of concentrated hate, and with a heart-felt, but low-spoken "damn you," sent it flying across the street as though it were a football. In another moment his face was as tranquil as ever, save to cast a look of ineffable scorn at a young man who, to save himself from falling from laughter, was leaning against some friendly iron rails.

A few doors up the street is a hatter, and into the shop the Earl entered.

I saw him pass my club windows shortly afterwards as serene and unruffled as ever.

Captain Richard Carden, universally known as Paddy, is one of the joys of our club. Who ever saw Paddy looking unhappy, and he must indeed be a morose man who was not happy when in his company. I was having my breakfast alone at a small table, reading the morning paper. There were lots of other members doing the same. You may say good morning to a fellow member you know, but it is only great chumship or the accident of being in the same regiment with him, that could license the gross familiarity of sharing the same table. Paddy and I are luckily both, viz., brother officers and chums; but it is seldom I have his company at breakfast, as his usual hour of turning up is between 10 and 12 when in town, and to-day it is only about half-past nine.

"What brings you out so early," I ask Paddy, who however is deep in a letter and takes no apparent heed of my question.

He finishes his letter, then looking up evidently greatly pleased with the contents, says:

"Be gad it's devilish lucky I am up early this morning. My cousins the Trenches are in town, and they want me to take them to the Academy. You'll come Tim, won't you. They're just the two best looking girls you ever saw, and as good as gold into the bargain." I have implicit trust in Paddy's judgment as far as female beauty is concerned, and gladly acquiesce.

After breakfast he is off, saying he will call for me in half an hour, and, having extracted from me a promise that I shall look after Miss Trench, while he looks after Miss Enid, on whom he informs me he is "awfully gone."

Some half-dozen of us are looking out of the club window.

"Who the deuce has Paddy got hold of now?" says a member, who, having a side window, commands the approach. "Awfully pretty, ain't they?"

Yes, they are; and as Paddy passes the window he looks up to signal me to come out.

Fatal look, for at that moment a wretched collie dog, in wild gambols with a companion, darts round the corner of the street, and, sliding backwards on the slippery pavement, is between Paddy's legs. A wild twist, either to sight its companion, or escape from imminent peril, deposits Paddy on the broad of his back, hatless.

Six men, in wild, convulsive laughter, bring another half-dozen members to the window. Two ladies, shaking with laughter, are walking quickly on as if they had nothing to do with the prostrate man on the pavement.

"Captain Carden waits you outside, sir," says the small hall boy, who finds me half dead with laughter on a sofa.

He is in a hansom outside, using language unfit for publication. "Jump in, old chap. Drive like the devil for the Academy," to the jarvey. From the safe retreat of the hansom Paddy introduces me to his cousins, whom we catch up to at the corner of Piccadilly. I am to take charge and we are to wait for him in the Burlington.

"Did ye hurt yourself, Dick?" asks Miss Enid. I had almost forgotten that at his baptism Paddy had received the name of Richard.

"No. I say, did I swear?"

"No," answers Miss Trench, "but you looked it," and, as we all burst out laughing again, Paddy goes off to make himself a respectable member of society.

The Hon. Hugh Molyneux Dalrymple-Hay was the most imperturbable of men. Nothing seemed ever to surprise him. When all club-land went out of its senses with the dynamite explosions, the Hon. Hugh had remained in his chair, calmly smoking his cigar, and, when he heard the narrative given by some half-dozen excited men, his only remark had been, "Really, what deuced scoundrels," as he carefully wiped and readjusted his eyeglass. It was not affectation, the receiving or taking away of his bottle, when a baby seemed a matter of utter indifference to the Hon. Hugh.

It was the Thursday between the Derby and the Oaks, and the Hon. Hugh was faultlessly got up, as befitted one of ancient lineage, and perhaps the best dressed man in town. A little lady had told him the night before that she would probably be shopping at Liberty's about 3.30 that afternoon, so towards that emporium of high art the honourable was sauntering up Regent street. True enough, he sees the little lady come out of that shop, followed by an assistant, who hands a parcel to the footman. He is just taking off his hat to acknowledge a friendly bow and smile, when, to the little lady's surprise and of all those around, the Hon. Hugh has violently thrown that article and his umbrella violently to the ground, and is fast divesting himself of his coat and waistcoat as he rushes into the nearest shop.

The little lady has got into her Victoria, but tells the footman to go and enquire what is the matter with Mr. Hay.

He comes back after some minutes. "Please, your ladyship, somebody throwed a fuzee down Mr. Hay's back."

"Go back and tell Mr. Hay I'll drive him home."

Yes; some man, lighting his pipe on the top of an omnibus, had thrown away the half burnt fuzee, which happened to strike the nape of the Hon. Hugh's neck as it was bent forward a-bowing. He came out shortly afterward, looking very pale.

"It's very good of you, Lady Mary. You must have thought I had gone mad. A fuzee down one's back is not a pleasant companion."

"Are you in very great pain, Hugh?" comes from an anxious upturned face, all crimson in a moment when she remembers the slip of the tongue.

"Not a bit now, Mary," and under the light dust rug the Hon. Hugh presses a not unwilling hand.

She had told the coachman to drive to Hugh's chambers.

"We may as well drive to your place now, Mary."

"Home" is all erstwhile proud little Lady Mary can say.

"I only have to wave a fuzee at him," says happy laughing little Lady Mary Hay Dalrymple, "when I want Hugh to do anything."

Montreal.

X. Y. Z.

[The author of this sketch gives no name, but the reader will relish his raciness, all the same.—Editor DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.]

According to the best authorities, half of all who live die before 17. Only one person in 1,000 lives to be 100 years old, and but 1 in 100 reaches 60. The married live longer than the single, and out of every 1,000 born only 95 weddings take place. Of 1,000 persons who have reached 70 there are of clergymen, orators and public speakers, 43; farmers, 40; workmen, 33; soldiers, 32; lawyers, 30; professors, 27; doctors, 24.

DISCIPLINE.

The following tender story is told of a mother's experience, and is well worthy of careful perusal: She had laid her table with great care and pains for a company of distinguished guests, when her little girl accidentally overturned a tureen of gravy on the snowy cloth.

"What should I do? It seemed a drop too much for my tired nerves—many drops too much for my table cloth. I was about to jerk my child down angrily from the table, when a blessed influence held me. I caught the expression on her face; such a sorry, frightened, appealing look I never saw, and suddenly a picture of the past came and, stood vividly before my mind's eye. My child's face revealed feelings which I had experienced twenty years before.

"I was myself a little nervous girl, about eight years old, in the happy home of my childhood. It was a stormy day in winter. It was soon after coal-oil lamps were introduced, and my father had bought a very handsome one. The snow had drifted up against the kitchen windows; so, although it was not dark, the lamp was lighted. Mother was sick in bed upstairs, and we children were gathered in the kitchen to keep the noise and confusion away from her. I was feeling myself very important, helping to get supper; at any rate, I imagined I was helping, and in my officiousness I seized the lamp and went down to the cellar for some butter. I tried to set it on the hanging shelf, but, alas! I didn't give it room enough, and down it fell on the cemented floor.

"I never shall forget the shock that it gave me. I seemed almost paralyzed. I didn't dare go up stairs, and I was afraid to stay down there. To make it worse, I heard my father's voice in the kitchen. He had cautioned us again and again to be careful of that lamp, and now there it lay, smashed to pieces.

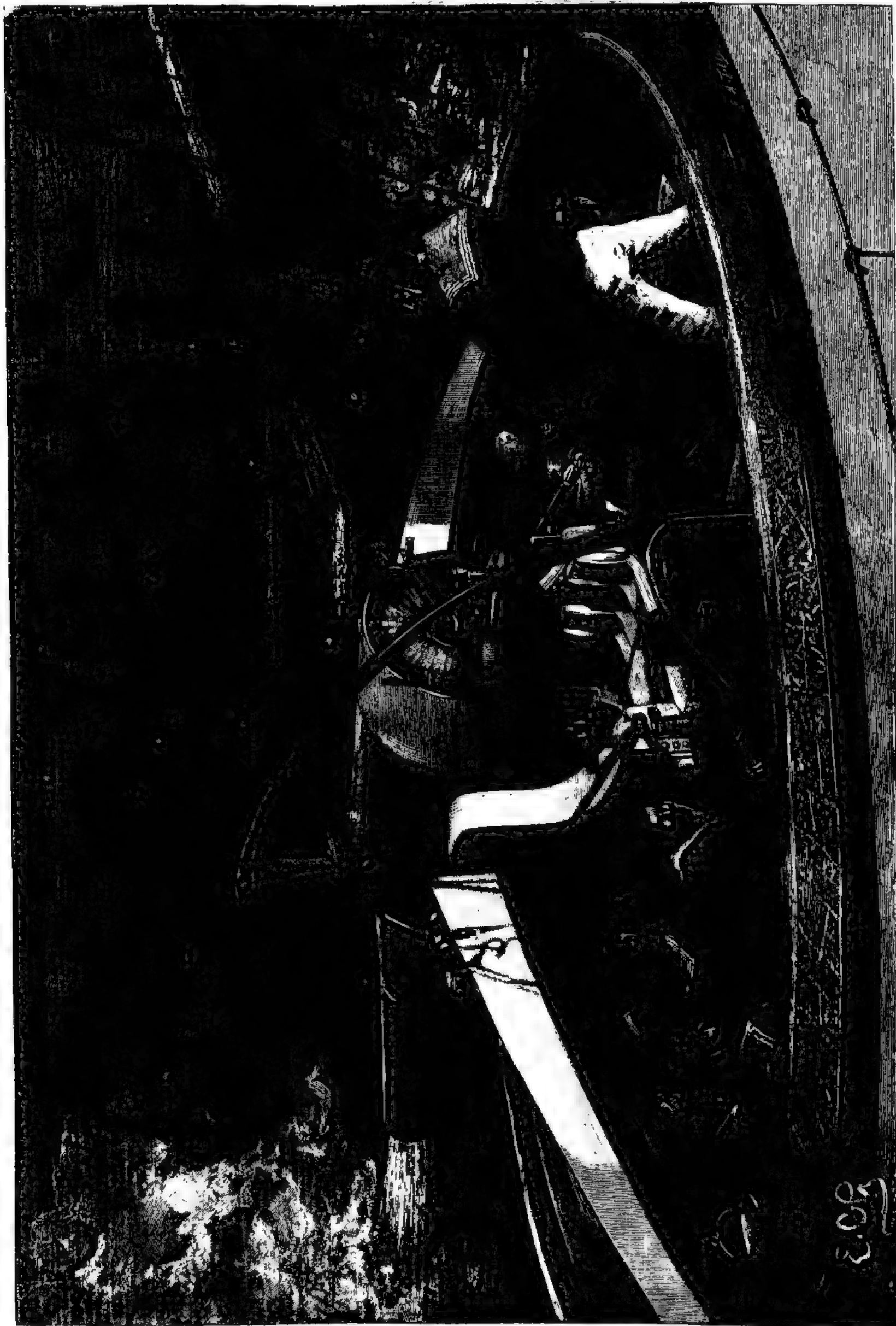
"But his voice seemed to give me the impetus I needed to go up and meet the scolding or whipping, or both, which I felt sure awaited me, and which I really felt I deserved. So I crept up over the dark stairway, and as I entered the kitchen I met my father, with such a stern look upon his face that I was frightened. I saw there was no need to tell him what had happened. He had heard the crash, and if he hadn't, I guess my face would have told the story.

"The children stood silently around waiting to see what father would do, and I saw by their faces that they were horror stricken, for that lamp had been the subject of too much talk and wonder to be smashed without a sensation. As for me, I felt so frightened, so confused and sorry, that I couldn't speak. But upon glancing again at my father, I saw the angry look die out of his eyes and one of tenderest pity took its place. I doubt not that he saw the same look in my face then that I saw in my child's face to-day. In a minute he lifted me in his arms, and was hugging me close to his breast. Then he whispered, oh, so kindly: 'Never mind, little daughter; we all know it was an accident, but I hope you will take the small lamp when you go down cellar again.'

"Oh, what a revulsion of feeling I experienced! It was such a surprise to me that I was suddenly overwhelmed with feelings of love and gratitude, and, burying my face, I sobbed as if my heart was breaking. No punishment could have affected me half so much, and nothing can efface the memory of it from my mind.

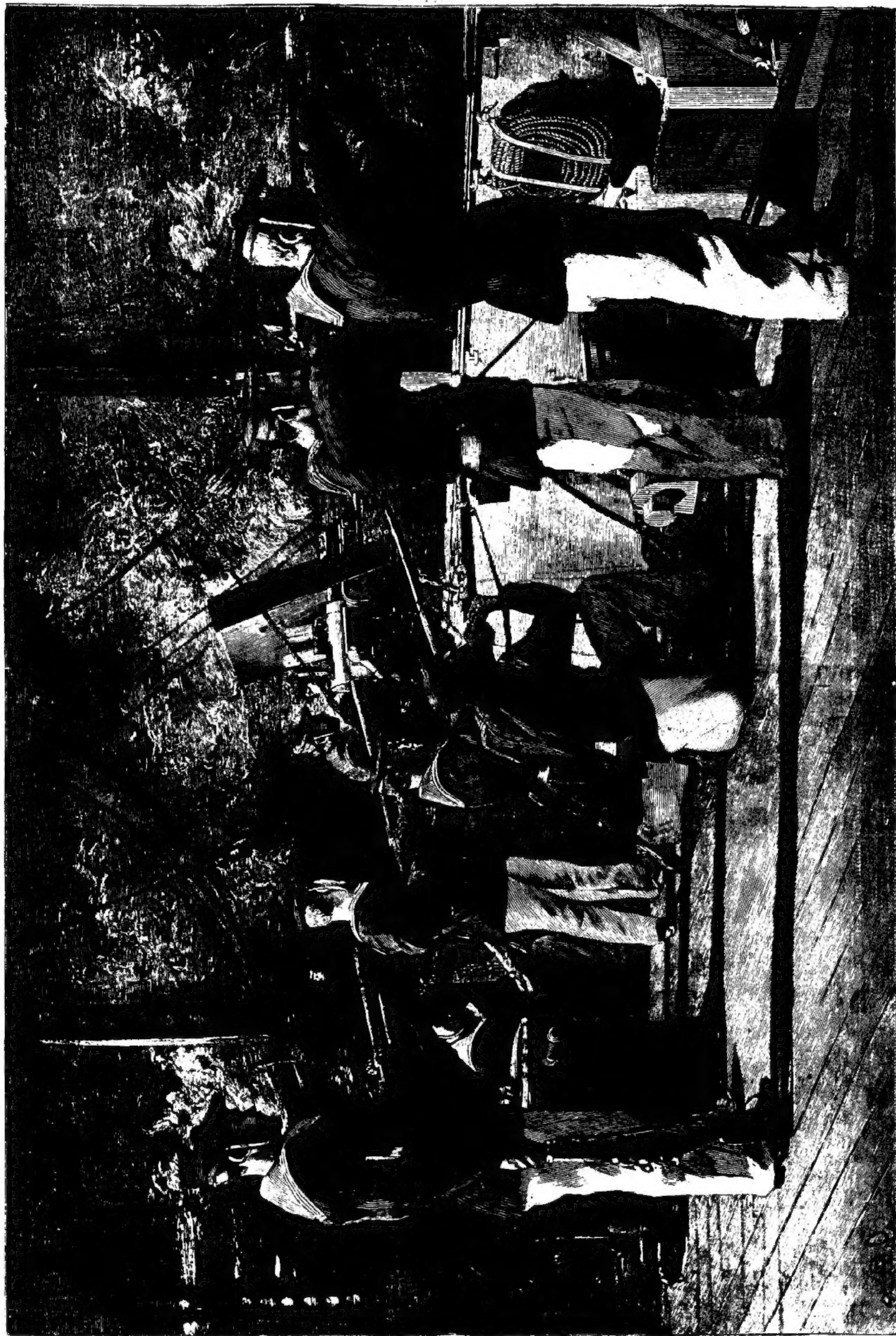
"How I loved my father to-day, as the sight of my little girl's face brought it all freshly before me! Will she love me as dearly, I wonder, twenty years or more from now, because, moved by the same impulse that stirred my father's heart in that long ago time, I was able to press the little frightened thing to my heart, and tell her kindly that I knew she didn't mean to spill the gravy, and that I knew she would be more careful another time. Will she be helped by it when she is a mother, as I have been helped by it to-day?

Maple sugar has increased wonderfully in consumption during the past ten years. The crop this year in New York State alone was over 10,000 tons. The crop in Canada has also increased wonderfully.



AUTUMNAL MANEUVRES OF THE FRENCH FLEET OFF CHERBOURG.—FIRING A BIG GUN.

From *L'Illustration*, Paris.



AUTUMNAL MANŒUVRES OF THE FRENCH FLEET OFF CHERBOURG.—MUSKETRY FIRE.

From *L'Illustration*, Paris.



A cargo of bushels of buckwheat is expected in Prince Edward county this year.

Five thousand pounds of fresh salmon were shipped from New Westminster within one week.

Vancouver, B.C., has \$1,125,000 in buildings this year, and \$600,000 worth is already for next year.

Immigration reports show 62,000 settlers this year, an increase of 10,000 over the same period last year.

A new ferry wharf in connection with the Intercolonial Railway at Levis has just been completed at a cost of \$25,000.

The casting of the Ryerson statue in New York, is completed and highly satisfactory, and has been shipped to Toronto.

Spring Hill, N. S., is going on ahead as fast as Calgary or Vancouver. Only 15 years ago it had a population of a score, and now has 6,000.

An advance of ten cents per sack in flour took place throughout Manitoba last week, strong bakers being quoted at \$3.10. Wheat is quoted at \$1.08 at Brandon.

Victoria is on the most northerly bend of the North Saskatchewan River, five degrees north of the U. S. line. It has fields of oats yielding 100 bushels to the acre.

The Battleford Indians, it is understood, will have over 50,000 bushels of grain for sale this autumn. They comprise the Crees and Stonies who rose under Poundmaker in 1885.

There is a movement on foot at Vancouver to establish a street railway company, composed of local business men. The proposed company, it is said, will have ample capital, and will probably adopt electricity as the motive power for propelling the cars.

QUAINT FANCIES AND RHYMES.

BY A COLLECTOR.

XIV.

BURLESQUES AND GROTESQUES.

In the last number a sample of the New Virelay (*Virelai Nouveau*), from Austin Dobson, was given. This form is written in two rhymes. "Its first stanza serves as a refrain for the later ones, but its initial verse is only a couplet, and the two lines close each stanza alternately until the last, where they appear both together, but in inverse order." The French model is "Le Rimeur Rebuté," beginning thus:—

Adieu vous dy, triste Lyre,
C'est trop apprêter à rire.

and ending with the inversion:—

C'est trop apprêter à rire,
Adieu vous dy, triste Lyre.

We shall now give a few odds and ends by way of conclusion to these papers. The first is a "Young Poet's Advice," satirical, of course, by C. P. Cranch:—

You should study the bards of our day
Who in England are now all the rage;
You should try to be piquant and gay;
Your lines are too solemn and sage.
You should try to fill only a page,
Or two at the most, with your lay;
And receive the quaint verse of an age
That is fading forgotten away.

Study Lang, Gosse and Dobson, I pray,—
That their rhymes and their fancies engage
Your thought to be witty as they.
You must stand on the popular stage.
In the bars of an old-fashioned cage
We must prison the birds of our May,
To carol the notes of an age
That is fading forgotten away.

Now this is a 'Ballade,' I say,
So one stanza more to our page,
But the 'vers de Société'
If you can are the best for fair 'wage.'
Though the purists may fall in a rage
That two rhymes go thrice in one lay,
You may passably echo an age
That is fading forgotten away.

ENVOY.

Bard—heed not the seer and the sage,
'Aflatus' and Nature don't pay;
But stick to the forms of an age
That is fading forgotten away.

In "Culture in the Slums," by W. E. Henley, who excels in his sketches of London low life and

Cockney slang, we have this bit inscribed to an Intense Poet, an English "Realist," so to speak:—

"O crikey Bill!" she ses to me, she ses,
"Look sharp," ses she, "with them there sossiges.
Yea! sharp with them there bags of mysteree!
For lo!" she ses, "for lo! old pal," ses she,
"I'm blooming peckish, neither more nor less."
Was it not prime—I leave you all to guess
How prime!—to have a guide in love's distress
Come spooning round, and murmuring balmilee,
"O crikey Bill!"

For in such rorty wise doth love express
His blooming views and asks for your address,
And makes it right, and does the gay and free.
I kissed her—I did so! And her and me
Was pals. And if that ain't good business,
"O crikey Bill!"

"Malàpropos" is a Rondeau imitated from the French of Count Anthony Hamilton by G. H., in "The Lute":—

Malàpropos do English wits revive
The Rondeau, which our beauties hear with scorn;
Hide in an extinct form a heart alive,
And woo bright lasses, whom they wish to wive
Malàpropos, with girlish verse outworn.

More fondly would those rosebuds of the morn
Unfold to airs—gay, playful, amative,—
Even Astrophel five phrases would contrive
Malàpropos.

O dazzling youth, to fashion's follies sworn,
Would you their breasts with love's sweet pains were torn?
Rondeau and Ballade to the Devil drive;
Use honest English when for them you strive,
Since never to their hearts would thus arrive
Malàpropos.

We shall give the last sample from the best of all the Anglo-Provençalists, Austin Dobson. It is entitled "The Street Singer," and is a villanelle from a window, on a subject in which we are all interested.

He stands at the kerb and sings,
'Tis a doleful tune and slow,
Ah me, if I had but wings!

He bends to the coin one flings,
But he never attempts to go,—
He stands at the kerb and sings.

The conjuror comes with his rings,
And the Punch-and Judy show,
Ah me, if I had but wings!

They pass like all fugitive things—
They fade and they pass, but lo!
He stands at the kerb and sings.

All the magic that music brings
Is lost when he mangles it so—
Ah me, if I had but wings!

But the worst is a thought that stings,
There is nothing at hand to throw!
He stands at the kerb and sings—
Ah me, if I had but wings!

With this, the series of "Quaint Fancies and Rhymes," which has been running regularly for over three months, is brought to a close. The editor is pleased to know that the selections of odd and beautiful poems have afforded pleasure and interest to a large circle of discriminating readers. As a parting tribute, the editor repeats what he said in the first paper of the whole—that he has been mainly indebted for his material to Mr. Gleeson White's invaluable little manual.

MILITIA NOTES.

Lord Stanley has intimated his intention of giving a prize to the best behaved soldier of Col. Turnbull's Cavalry School.

The three hut barracks constructed for the Department of Militia, at Workpoint, near Victoria, the site purchased by the Minister of Militia last year, have been completed.

Yesterday Capt. Rivers, of "A" Battery, Royal Canadian Artillery, was married in St. George's Cathedral to Miss Gildersleeve, daughter of ex-Mayor Gildersleeve.

Dr. Hanaran, of Stratford, Ont., has been appointed a surgeon in the permanent Militia force. His present duties will be in connection with "D" School of Infantry, stationed at London.

The Mounted Police have placed a patrol on the International boundary of Manitoba to prevent further stealing of timber and evasions of customs duty by settlers of Dakota, who have plundered the province in the past.

As a warning to deserters from "A" Battery, the District Court Martial at Kingston has sent Gunner Thomas Goodburn to gaol for one year at hard labour for desertion and larceny. There have been few desertions during the past month.



Governor and Mrs. McLellan held their first reception last week.

Rev. Dr. Howley, Prefect Apostolic of the west coast of Newfoundland, has been visiting Nova Scotia.

The State of Wisconsin wants to place a statue of Father Marquette in the House of Representatives, Washington.

Mr. Sandford Fleming, who has been spending some weeks in Halifax, has returned to his beautiful home at Ottawa.

First Lieutenant Thomson of H. M. S. Emerald, blew his brains out with an explosive bullet at Twillingate, Nfld., last week.

Hon. Mr. Smart, Minister of Public Works, Manitoba, was dangerously ill of typhoid fever at his father's home in Brockville.

The banquet to Mr. R. S. White, member-elect for Cardwell, in this city, on last Thursday, was a most successful demonstration.

A statement is made that Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., will be made an Imperial Privy Councillor, in the room of the late Sir John Rose.

Mr. Duncan McIntyre, of Montreal, is confined to the house with his throat trouble. He will probably leave for Europe in about fourteen days.

Lord Clandeboye, eldest son of Lord Dufferin, is convalescent. He had been dangerously ill in India from typhoid fever. Lady Dufferin was with him.

Hon. James Gibb Ross, Senator for the Saguenay division, Quebec's most prominent business man and millionaire, died at Holland House, St. Foye road, last week, aged seventy.

Dr. T. Sterry Hunt, who has been absent from Canada for over a year, will pass through Montreal next week from England, and stop here several days, and then proceed to New York.

"Ah," said an old Liberal the other day, sadly and solemnly, "what a lot of sins Sir John Macdonald will have to answer for;" and then he paused a moment and added, with a long breath and a faint twinkle in his eye, "but what a lot of fun he has had."

CRUEL SPRING. (FROM BÉRANGER.)

Oft at her window from my own
I watched her, in the months of frost;
Each to the other was unknown,
And through the air our kisses cross'd.
We peeped the leafless lindens through,
And tracked each other from each pane—
Vile Spring! their shade thou dost renew,
Oh! wherefore wilt thou come again?

Behind those lindens' leafy screen
That angel's form will soon be lost:
The crumbs no longer will be seen
She flung to robins in the frost.
They call'd her, and their sport below
Became love's signal for us twain:
Nought seems so beautiful as snow,
O hateful Spring! why come again?

Without thee I could see her smile,
When rising with the sun's first ray,
Fresh, as they paint Aurora, while
She opes the curtains of the day.
Without thee, I could say each night,
"My Star has ceased awhile to reign;"
She sleeps—her lamp has veiled its light;
Vile Spring! why wilt thou come again?

'Tis Winter that my prayers implore—
Would that the hailstones' tinkling sound
My ears could listen to, once more,
As from the casement they rebound!
Flowers, zephyrs, lengthening days I spurn,
Thine ancient empire I disdain!
For her sweet smiles alone I yearn—
Vile Spring! why wilt thou come again?

Montreal.

GEORGE MURRAY.

BEAUTIFUL EYES—Somebody ought to write a novel about people with opaque eyes, these black or dark blue eyes which are transparent as so many Swiss pebbles. There are eyes of intensely passionate natures, strong for good or evil, but with tendencies the wrong way, the eyes of born devils in human shape. When such dull, dark eyes show the red light that comes of caution, insanity in its first stages is at work on the brain; and such a man or woman needs life long care, or some crisis of trouble may lead to an outbreak of madness. It is the eye of one likely in frenzy to commit manslaughter.

SHAKESPEARE ON PURGATORY.

A NOTE ABOUT THE GHOST IN "HAMLET."

The following commentary from the pen of Mr. F. C. Burnand, the humourist and editor of *Punch*, is worth reading as a curiosity:—

In his interesting and charmingly written book, "Jewels of the Mass," the indefatigable Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has this passage:

Our own great poet who has touched all things, and the Catholic mysteries above all, with an unerring knowledge that is almost inspired, has left the best and most hideous image of the poor purgatorial soul and its sufferings (p. 62.)

And then he gives an extract from the speech of the Ghost in *Hamlet*. Frequently have I heard this passage adduced as a proof that Shakespeare held the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory, and that he meant to exhibit the "poor Ghost" as coming thence for awhile, and, at cock-crow, returning thither. What with the upheaval of the Reformation and the revival of the ancient learning of Greece and Rome, there was in Elizabeth's time a muddle of Christian tradition and pagan legend sufficient to provide Shakespeare with the material for creating the Ghost of Hamlet's father. The Ghost makes use of the ancient Catholic words "unhousel'd," "unanealed," and describes his murder to Hamlet thus:

"No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head."

Also he informs his son how he is bound

To fast in fires

'Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away.

But though this is consistent with a part of the true doctrine of Purgatorial suffering, yet the Ghost himself is rather a "goblin damned" than a "spirit of health," for the souls in Purgatory are joyfully suffering as being sure of heaven at the end; and most certainly no soul in Purgatory, even if permitted to revisit "the glimpses of the moon"—and some souls (as I remember reading in a Saint's life, though I cannot just now give chapter and verse for my authority) suffer a portion of their Purgatory after death in a particular spot on earth—no soul in Purgatory could possibly cherish a thought of revenge, nor be permitted to return to earth in order to incite any one to commit murder. And this, be it remembered, is the sole object of the Ghost appearing to Hamlet. He says:

Avenge my foul and most unnatural murder.

And he goes on, perfectly alive to the heinousness of murder in the abstract:

Murder most foul as in the best it is,
But this most foul, strange and unnatural.

Yet it is for the express purpose of urging his son to commit what in circumstances the most "extenuating" is a crime "most foul," that this Ghost—a most unprincipled ghost—has come from Purgatory! No, his Ghost came from the poet's brain; and he is nothing like so beneficent a ghost as is the melancholy shade of Cæsar who, emerging from the same fertile headquarters, announces himself to Brutus as "his evil spirit," and solemnly warns his assassin that their next meeting will be at Philippi, when Brutus will come to him, not he to Brutus. And, by the way, this brief but awful apparition is a far grander conception than the communicative, loquacious, and remorselessly unforgiving ghost of Hamlet's father. Hamlet's father is "fasting in fires" like Dante's brother-in-law, Forese Donati, who, suffering among the gluttonous, utters no word of vengeance against the cooks who had assisted him to the grave of the *gourmand*. The Ghost of Hamlet's father is a malevolent spirit; he suited Shakespeare's purpose, and pleased a contemporary English audience, which wasn't quite clear as to what it believed on any subject, let alone the state of a soul immediately after death, neither bad enough for Hell nor good enough for Heaven.

That Shakespeare touched up his Ghost with what he had heard of "purgatorial fires" is as evident as that the Ghost's sentiments would be more in keeping with those of a pagan spectre in a Greek tragedy, than with those of a soul from Purgatory in a play where the *dramatis personæ*,

as we see from the maimed rites at Ophelia's grave, are professedly Christian. The souls in Purgatory are "in a state of grace," as St. Catharine of Genoa writes, "knowing the truth, and knowing therefore how grievous is any obstacle which hinders their approach to God." Therefore it is that the souls in Purgatory "long," as Mr. Fitzgerald feelingly puts it, "for that drop of cold water to their tongues" which every Mass brings to them. "There is," says Mr. Fitzgerald, "something touchingly expressive in the form of this prayer which asks for the dead 'a place of refreshment, light and peace,' and it has been pointed out that refreshment, or *refrigerium*, is a relief of a cooling kind suggested by the burning pains of their situation." The Ghost of Hamlet's father tells us of his awful sufferings without any alleviation, except during the few moments allowed for conversation with his son, which he very naturally protracts as much as possible; and yet there is one most important thing omitted by this Ghost, something that would have at once dispelled any doubts as to his orthodoxy, and that is, he forgets to ask Hamlet to have Masses said for the repose of his soul. Of course I am aware that he could not, consistently, have asked for a Mass and a murder in the same breath. He does not, indeed, bid Hamlet "remember" him, but the meaning of this is as clear as that of the now familiar injunction to "remember Mitchelstown." The Ghost simply means "Remember my murder and avenge it as quickly as possible, as I shan't be perfectly happy until you have stained yourself with crime and dispatched your uncle to — well, to another place!" But had he been from Purgatory, a hopefully expiating, sorrowfully loving, Catholic ghost, he would have said, "Pray for me, my son, remember me before the altar, have Masses said for the repose of my soul. Let me taste the consolation of 'a place of refreshment, light and peace.' Warn your mother and uncle of the awful peril they stand in. Implore her, and him through her, to repent before it is too late." Had Shakespeare clearly comprehended the true doctrine of Purgatory he could not have given us the ghost of a Catholic coming back to earth on a devilish errand.

F. C. B.

A WOMAN ON A STREET CAR.

There are women who can preach, lots of women who can teach,
And several make a living at the law;
There are females who can fight, and a few who take delight
In their knowledge of the hammer and the saw;
There are some who lead a band, near a million write short-hand;
There are instances of women tending bar,
But to save her very life, be she widow, maid or wife,
A woman can't get off a moving car.

There are feminine M. D.'s, and some women who raise bees;
There are artistes and pianistes by the score,
Lady managers and clerks, there are girls in ironworks,
And the softer sex keeps books in every store.
Capt. Miller is a Mrs. (on a river steamer this is),
And a great success she's made of it thus far,
But whate'er their craft or trade is, it seems as if the ladies
Can never learn to 'light from off a car.

In each "box" of Mr. Yerkes, while the slender cables jerk us
From Division street to Randolph in an hour,
There's a gaudy-coloured picture which is likely to afflict your
Sense of proper chiar'oscuro, though its pow'r
Of description is tremendous, how inertia will upend us,
Hurt our elbow, and our silk hat's polish mar.
But the women never heed, though instruction sure they need
In the noble art of getting off a car.

There is many a lovely girl, neat and pretty as a pearl,
Who knows everything from algebra to cake,
But whose pride it sorely humbles when so clumsily she tumbles
Just because she took the handrail next the brake.
Oh, maidens, face the grip if you do not want to slip;
"Face ahead," the couplet says, "to save a jar."
If you'll stop and think a minute you will see there's something in it,
This knowing how to get off from a car.

—Chicago News.



"What is the way to be happy," he asked, "when you are under a women's thumb?" "Don't squirm."

There is a policeman in Boston who has carried a club for fourteen years, and has never struck anything but attitudes in all that time.

Johnny Dumpsey—Pa, what is an empty dream? Mr. Dumpsey—It is the kind of dream you have, my son, when you go to bed hungry.

Duties on foreign cereals may be removed in France. Some people here would like to see a prohibitive duty put upon American serials.

The Chinese word for "hash" is the longest and most difficult word to pronounce in the language. In the English language it is the most difficult word to define.

The editor of a Chicago newspaper announces that he is unable to support either Cleveland or Harrison. It is suspected that it is about all he can do to support himself.

Chicago men are said to mark their entrance into the inner shrine of the temple of culture by saying "luncheon" instead of "lunch." In Kansas City the same stage is marked by the use of the word "victuals" instead of "grub."

Young Softus (who is to escort the unattractive Miss Vinaigrette to dinner)—But, my dear boy, how am I to entertain her? How can I flatter her when she's so homely? How—? Old Boy—Don't do it. Speak only of the ugliness of others. She'll idolize you!

A correspondent tells the following: "I have a brother—a wee chap—who sometimes says things very odd. One day, as he was disposing of some bread and milk, he turned around to his mother and said: 'Oh, mother, I'm full of glory! There was a sunbeam on my spoon, and I swallowed it.'"

A young widow, in erecting a monument to the dear departed, cleverly avails herself of the opportunity to inscribe upon the tomb: "Sacred to the memory of Mathuzia Bezuchet, who departed this life, aged sixty-eight years, regretting the necessity of parting from the most charming of women."

Livery Stable Proprietor to Young Man—"What made the horse run away?" Young Man—"A cow jumped out of the bushes by the road and frightened him." Livery Stable Proprietor—"He's a small horse. Couldn't you hold him?" Young Man—"Yes, but I couldn't hold him and the girl, too."

Wiggins—"Arabella, darling, may I kiss you?" Arabella—"Yes, sweetest, but kiss me on the left cheek, please." Wiggins (doing so)—"And may I ask, dearest, why the left cheek?" Little brother (poking his head through the door)—"Because Jack Wiggless has been kissing her right cheek all the afternoon and it's tired." The engagement is not yet announced.

Tramp—Could you give a bite to a poor man who hasn't eaten anything for—

Lady of the house (shouting shrilly)—Tige! Tige! Come here, Tige!

T. (loftily)—You are calling your dog, madam. I want you to understand that I don't eat dog. I'm no Indian.

And he strode away in silent dignity.

"I left a cheque for \$10,000 among the wedding gifts," said the bride's father to his prospective son-in-law, on the eve of a fashionable wedding last week, "and after the ceremony you will please tear it up. That's the style now-a-days, Frank." "Ye-es," hesitated Frank, "that's the style, I know, but I'm afraid it's too late to tear it up now, as I went down to the bank this morning and had it cashed."

"Judge," said the Montana lawyer, as he leaned back in his chair and threw one foot up on the table, "I object to the witness answering that question, and I'm ready to argue the point. It stands to reason—" "So will you, young man," roared the judge, "if you've got any speech to make. Get up on your feet or I'll clap you into the calaboose for contempt of court." And the young lawyer stood to reason.

The Harvard has this on Method of Modesty:—

He was such a pleasant fellow,
So polite, so polished, too;
Everywhere we went together
He would murmur—"After you!"

Did we reach a door together,
He would never first go through,
But would wait and let me pass him,
Saying softly—"After you!"

Was there anything we wanted,
And was not enough for two,
He would always let me have it,
Always murmured—"After you!"

So it was on each occasion,
Whatsoever the case might be;
He would never be the leader
But was always after me.

He has borrowed fifty dollars,
Maybe 'tis a passing whim,
But he has not since been heard of—
And now I am after him.



SHE MEANT IT.

LADY (in an angry and shrill voice): Conductor! why don't you stop the car when I tell you?
 IRASCIBLE BACHELOR: Conductor, the lady wants to know why the d—v—l you don't stop the car?
 LADY (more angrily still): I didn't say so, sir.
 IRASCIBLE BACHELOR: No, madam, but that's what you meant.

He—How beautiful Miss Arrowsmith's back hair is?
 She—Yes. Much prettier than her front hair is. I wonder she didn't get it all at the same place.

Old lady—I'm going down to the sea-shore and I want suthin' nice and roomy to bathe in. Fresh clerk—Yes, ma'am; how would the Atlantic ocean do?

Chicago poets who are trying to find a word that will rhyme with "Old Hutch" have thus far only struck on the phrase "None such." But they think it will do.

A tramp's note book, picked up on the Essexroad, contained, among other sage reflections, the following bit of wisdom: "Its a great eel better to have yure shins barked than bit."

"And what do you expect to make of your son when he comes of age, Mr. Smith?" "Oh, I don't know," replied Mr. Smith, despondently. "I think he'd make a good husband for a rich girl."

There was confusion in the faces of George and Matilda, who sat in intimate proximity on the sofa, as Harry entered. Matilda was the first to recover her selfpossession. She said, "We are engaged in a little game at cards." Harry— "And a mighty close game, too, eh?"

Customer—"Waiter, bring me some rice pudding."
 Waiter—"I can't just recommend the rice pudding to-day."

Customer—"What's the matter with it?"
 Waiter—"Nothin'—'cept there ain't none."

"What is your husband's business?" asked the inquisitive woman on the train after she had exhausted all the other questions in the Yankee catechism. "Oh," said the other woman wearily, "he's a lawyer by profession. He spends his time in minding other people's business, too."

"The great objection I have to the house," said the new tenant, "is that I can always hear vague murmuring caused by the people talking next door." "Well, ma'am," said the agent, "we can have the walls made thicker for you." "Thicker!" she exclaimed "why then I couldn't hear a thing!"

First preacher—"You appear to be having remarkable success, brother."

Second preacher—"Yes, my people have been liberal since I changed my plan of taking the collection. I have it done before the sermon."

"Has that made a difference?"
 "A great difference. If I find the collection is small I preach a two hours' sermon on charity," but when it is large I give them a twenty-minute sermon on the delights of Heaven."

THE Canadian Pacific Railway

has provided its usual extensive list of tourist tickets to the various summer resorts of Canada and New England, which may be obtained at its different agencies at very reasonable rates.

Among the most desirable localities covered by these tickets may be mentioned Banff, Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Ore, and San Francisco. The sleeping and dining cars of the company's transcontinental trains are proverbial for their comfort and luxury, and now that the hotels at Banff, Field, Glacier, Fraser Cañon and Vancouver are all completed and open for guests, every want of the traveller is carefully provided for.

Tourist tickets to the above mentioned points are good for six months and permit stop over at pleasure.

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To Banff and return. - \$90 00
 To Vancouver, Victoria, Tacoma, Seattle, or Portland and return, 125 00
 To San Francisco and return, - - - 140 00

From other stations the rates are proportionately low.

Descriptive books may be obtained of Company's agents, or by addressing the Passenger Traffic Manager at Montreal.

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SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

THE WORKS for the construction of the canal, above mentioned, advertised to be let on the 23rd of October next, are unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—

Wednesday, the 7th day of November next.

Plans and specifications will be ready for examination, at this office and at Sault Ste. Marie, on and after

Wednesday, the 24th day of October next.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
 Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
 Ottawa, 27th September, 1888.